

Eng. Poetry vol 24.



THE
DIRECTORS:
A
POEM.

(Price Six-Pence.)

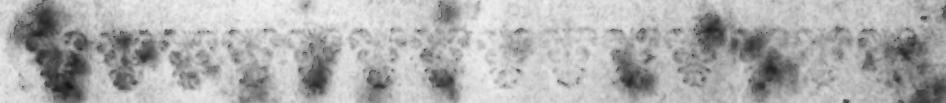




THE DIRECTOR

P. O. F. M.

(Price Six Pence)



^{5th}
THE
DIRECTORS,
A
POEM:

Addressed to

Mr. STANHOPE.

Occasioned by

His EPISTLE to his Royal
Highness the PRINCE of
WALES.

By Mr. ARUNDELL. K

Tam MARTE quam MERCURIO.

*Quem recitas, meus est, O Fidentine, Libellus;
Sed, male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus. Mart.*

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N,

Printed for E. CURLL, over against Catherine-Street
in the Strand. M.DCC.XX.

Novemb. 1720.

THE
DIRECTORS
A
P O E M :

Addressed to

Mr. STANHOPE

Occasioned by

His EPISTLE to his Royal
Highness PRINCE OF
WALES

By Mr. ARUNDELL

From MARTINUS MERCURIO

Quam rariis, nam q. O. f. i. g. n. i. s. i. b. i. l. i. t. i. s. ;
Sed, unde non rariis, i. p. s. i. t. q. u. a. m. M. A. R. T. I. N. U. S.

The Second Edition

L O N D O N.

Printed for J. G. and J. C. at the Royal Academy, in the Strand, 1720



JUSTLY YOU DID THE FIRST ENROLL HIS NAME;
 THEN LET THE SECOND CLASS RECORD YOUR NAME.

A N

E P I S T L E

O T

Mr. *STANHOPE*, &c.

I Ngenious *STANHOPE*, if You can,
 excuse

The hasty Labours of an Infant Muse;
 Who by your Verse to Young *AUGUSTUS*
 fir'd,

To write another to yourself's inspir'd;

Who

Who that *strong* Wit to copy, faintly strives,
 Which *dying* Heroes, *dying* Bards revives.
 Forgive, if humbler Strains and meaner Sense
 Address the Poet, than address'd his Prince.
 Justly you bid the First enroll his Fame ;
 Then let the Second Class record your Name.

SINCE, as Earl STANHOPE, at that pow'rful
 Board,
 Whose Councils make *Great Britain* *Europe's*
 Lord,
 Over those Councils with his own presides,
 And guides that Nation, which all Nations
 guides :
 So, whilst the Statesman Guards the *Father's*
 Throne,
 You, as prime Bard, immortalize the Son.

Teach

Teach me, O happy Genius! kindly teach,
 To sketch those Beauties, you alone can reach;
 Then your own Manner lab'ring to pursue,
 As to your *Prince* you sing, I'll sing to You.

BUT first, since of our happy Treasures most,
 As they're the Nerves of War, we ought to boast;
 O give me leave this Topick to defend!

The richest *Bridon* most is *Britain's* Friend.

He, should some *Foreign Prince* his Wrath declare,
 Could aid his SOV'REIGN, and supply the War.

Well may you say, " Such Men are dang'rous
 grown

" To ev'ry other *Monarch* but our *own*.

This once allow'd to be their Excellence,

Those who best praise these *Men*, best praise their
Prince.

Grant

Grant but this too; then shall my happy Strain,
The best to praise *our Prince*, applaud *these Men*.

IF diff'rent ways we the same End pursue,
Pardon, and if I'm wrong, I'll come to You.
Set me not down "with Usurers of Sense,
"That lend out Scraps of Brains for Heaps of
Pence.

These Lines will show you I ne'er wrote before,
Or robb'd from Wit Pretensions to be poor:
My Genius is not forc'd by Want to write,
But Nature leads where Nature takes delight;
Tempts me from sweet Paternal Fields to stray,
And in the Fairy Grounds of *Pindus* play;
To plead for Men, who Nationally Good,
Yet personally Martyr'd by the Croud,

Made

Made Kingdoms thrive upon their private Wits,
 And Three-Days Projects pay an Age's Debts:
 Proud of the Cause, while Patriots I defend,
 Thus standing theirs, I stand my Country's Friend;

BEFORE your Eyes some mighty Victor place,
 Whose happy Arms eternal Trophies grace,
 Who always march'd thro his own conquer'd
 Plains,

Yet still made Conquests, where he made Cam-
 paigns;
 Far as the Brazen Voice of War is heard,
 Made *British* Conduct prais'd, and Courage fear'd:
 Who more, than Verse can well describe, could do,
 Could equal yet unequal'd *Marlborough*!

Oh tell me, STANHOPE! say how heav'nly fine!

(Was, like his Theme, the Draughtsman's Hand

Divine)

Such Heroes Pictures must to Britons be

Painted in all the Life of Poetry!

Would not such Patterns their Great Souls sur-

prize,

Bid the like Ardour in their Breasts arise,

Kindle their Hearts, and sparkle thro' their Eyes?

YET could I name the Men, who ne'er did

wield

The Sword of Mars, or tread the dreadful Field;

Who full as much, or more, deserve our Praise,

Than Two and Thirty such great Chiefs as these.

FOR

((II))

FOR say, Haft seen some wealthy Realm
grown poor, *Turn all the Chiefs, that can be seen*
Cast down to Slav'ry now by Lawless Pow'r ;
Press'd with a Load of heavy Taxes groan,
Where no Slave's Money could be call'd his own ?
Haft thou not seen it ?—I this Truth advance,
Too lately 'twas the Case of Ruin'd *France*.
Now what's that *State-Physician* who can heal
Such Griefs, and bid the Sick'ning State be well ?
Whose pow'rful Wisdom, by a Magick Word,
Repairs the Ruins of the wastful Sword ?
Whose Myftick Art and Comprehensive Skill,
Cures that vast Kingdom's Universal Ill ?
Tell me what less' than *Homer's* Deathless Lays,
Such a *Machaon* of the State can praise ?

Pray, don't his peaceful Actions merit more,
 Than all the Chiefs, that caus'd each Tax before?
 Deny ~~no~~ I'll clear the Merits of the Cause;
 Did e'er the *French* bestow so much Applause
 On all their *Mareschals*, as they did on *Lawes*?

FROM their Condition, Sir, lets try our own,
 And vindicate our Company's Renown.
Britain, that long in War victorious stood,
 Whose *Martial* Sons bought Kingdoms with
 their Blood;
 Tho' still they conquer'd, Years succeeding Years,
 Each Conquest swell'd the Tide of Widow'd
 Tears;
 And, for each Triumph, that the *Chief* adorn'd,
 Whole Tribes of Fathers, Brothers, Orphans
 mourn'd :

All pale the Maids, that late to Temples flew,
 Warr'd with their Tongues, begg'd Heaven we
 might subdue:

Straight as the Trumpets *Jo-Peans* play'd,
 O'er dying Youths their promis'd Bridegrooms
 pray'd:

Weary'd at length, the fighting *Britons* own,
 That Conquest had the Victors half undone;
 Grant, what they wish themselves, their Foes a
 Peace,

But find old Debts destroy their present Ease:
 Then, of the Tyrant *Gaul*, that urg'd the War,
 They this, in Anguish of their Souls, declare.

EUROPE's Tormentor! O Infatiate *Gaul*,
 That in one gen'ral Wreck involv'd Us All!

Who

Who left whole Realms in mourning at your
Death,

Not that you dy'd, but that you e'er drew Breath!

Unhappy *France*! how must it fare with Thee,

If from such Woes the Victors are not free,

What must the Torments of the Vanquish'd be?

O thou dread Corm'rant War, whose fateless

Womb

Would make Mankind one Universal Tomb!

Thoud'ft, by thy will, in one destructive Day,

The vast Creation all in Ruins lay;

Is't not enough to swallow Seas of Blood,

Unless they're follow'd by a Golden Flood?

And that thou Millions may'ft to Death convey,

How many Millions must thy Vot'ries pay?

Is't

Is't not enough, that, from its Body torn,
 Half a brave State, its braver half should mourn?
 That Sires stand weeping o'er their murder'd
 Heirs?
 That Maids their bleeding Lovers bathe in Tears?
 But we, while Vict'ry's Name is all our Gains,
 Must pay our Treasure too, and buy our Pains?
 And will ye fend, ye Heavens, no kind Relief,
 To free us from this mighty Load of Grief?

YES, cry'd the *South-Sea* Saviours of the
 Realm,

Make us your Pilots, place us at the Helm,
 And guide we will to Ports of *Indian* Wealth,
 This tottr'ing Vessel of the Commonwealth:
 Ours be the Task, be ours the welcome Toil,
 To ease its Load, and save the sinking Isle.

Yes,

Yes, Ease to Thee, Thee to the World's Esteem
 Restore we will——We'll all thy Debts redeem,
 Make thee in Credit and in Glory New;
 Great Things we say, but what we say we'll do.

SUCH Mighty Patriots how shall I com-
 mend?
 O may such Blessings on their Heads attend,
 May *such*, as crown their Projects, be their End!

BUT, STANHOPE, sure 'tis hard, 'tis won-
 drous hard,

Where Praise is due, that Satire's the Reward;
 That Men, who act the Patriots like These,
 Make it their Pains to give a Nation Ease,

Should

Should, just like Slaves, by Britons treated be,
Because their Study was to set them free.

All Day they toil'd to make their Schemes go right,
And form'd them on their Pillows all the Night,
To lift a Kingdom up from being poor,

And make it Ten times richer than before:
And did they not, pray, raise their Stock so high,
Scarce could one Thousand Pounds one Hun-
dred buy?

By which 'tis e'en to Demonstration plain,
They made one Hundred worth one Thousand
then.

What, tho' some unprovided Accidents
Have brought the soaring Project lower since?

But Pardon me, it is in its better Sense,

What you call Fortune, I call Providence.

The

Long

The same great Hands, that rear'd the vast Ma-
chine,

And gave such Prospects of so Rich a Scene,

Tho' ill-designing Men may for a while

Make Fortune seem to frown, which they made
smile,

Will break the Spokes which stop its wheeling
now,

And to the Highest Pitch advance the Low.

Yet e'en those Men whom Fortune's pleas'd to
raise,

You think deserve your Satire, not your Praise :

Miscreants, Upstarts, and the Devil and all,

Each new-rais'd Man, for having Luck, you call :

But Pardon me, if, in its better Sense,

What you call Fortune, I call Providence.

Long

Long had Rich Rogues, indulg'd by Vicious
Times,

Run thro' a Course of all the Blackest Crimes.

Ingenious how to heighten every Vice,

Gave for each Precious Sin a Precious Price.

Satan, tho' glad to tempt, they forc'd to sell,

And daily rais'd his Wares, they bid so well:

To make Hell sure, they bought up ev'ry Evil,

And so push'd on, by Auction, to the Devil.

Now, while such prosper'd, we too surely know,

Honour and Virtue must a Begging go.

If then those lost, and these pick'd up the Pence,

Mayn't it be call'd a Turn of Providence?

For whom would she bid Fortune first approach,

Honour on Foot, or Rascals in a Coach?

Blame not *such* Men that *rise*—they get their Due,
Nor mourn *some* Lords that *fall*——they get theirs

too:

If Great Men Tradesmen turn with one Accord,
Why mayn't each Tradesman strive to be a Lord?
Those the damn'd sordid Baits of A v'rice move,
These a just Pride, which Honour's Laws ap-
prove:

Those should pay dearly on their Honour's Score,
And, as in Mind, should grow in Fortune poor.
If then those fall, and these are made the Great,
Not *Upstarts* these, but those Degenerate:
Who *Nature's* change, should change *Names* too;
'tis fit,

That *Cit* should set up *Lord*, if *Lord* turns *Cit*.

Who

Who sees, unpleas'd, good Wit and Honour rear'd
To Seats, where Knaves and Blockheads ill ap-
pear'd?

Who can from bursting into Laughter stop,
When Fortune justly throws from Fortune's Top
Some *plaister'd* Rakehell or *worse-essenc'd* Fop?
While Virtue and true Wisdom fill and grace
The Rake's shunn'd Mansion, the Fool's empty
Place.

BUT stop—I hear you cry— Pray hold,
Sir,—Hold!
‘One Story’s good until another’s told :
‘And Faith, Friend *Arundell*, I needs must say,
‘You from the Point, we ought to argue, stray.

What

' What truly you assert, I freely own,
 ' That justly some are Rais'd, and some Undone;
 ' These broadfac'd Truths stare on each vulgar
 Eye:

' But granting these, don't you as great deny?
 ' That Fortune justly throws from Fortune's Top
 ' Your plaister'd Rakehell and worse-essenc'd Fop;
 ' While Virtue and true Wisdom fill and grace
 ' The Rake's shunn'd Mansion, the Fool's empty Place.
 ' I own the Truth, and do admire withal
 ' The Justice of the Rise, and of the Fall.
 ' But then that some of those you'd bring in vogue,
 ' Act the Grand Cheat, and play the Dext'rous
 Rogue;
 ' That some, whom you're applauding for their
 Toil,
 ' To ease our Load, and save the sinking Isle,

‘ Instead of Helping, made the Nation poor,

‘ Nay, Ten times Poorer than it was before :

‘ I’ll draw concluding Arguments from You,

‘ Grant your own Lines, and you must grant

‘em true.

‘ Did they not, pray, raise up their Stock so high,

‘ Scarce could one Thousand Pounds one Hundred

buy :

‘ And yet too dismal Practice proves it plain,

‘ One Hundred now is worth one Thousand then,

‘ Not to the Buyers out, but Buyers in.

‘ Hence some Folks think, Design, not Accident,

‘ Has brought the soaring Project lower since ;

‘ That some of those, who rear’d the vast Machine,

‘ And gave such Prospects of so rich a Scene,

Are

' Are the *Designing Men*, whose worthy Toil
' Makes *Fortune frown*, as they had made it *smile*.
' Who break the *Spokes of Fortune's Wheel*,
' and now
' Bring down the lofty *Stock* to fall so low.
' If it be so, then *Arundell*, I swear,
' Just as you wish they may, I hope they'll fare;
' I join Thee in thy Praise, and in thy *Pray'r*.
' Such *Mighty Patriots* how shall we commend?
' O may such *Blessings on their Heads attend*,
' May such, as crown their *Projects*, be their *End*.
' Well did you do, to gain these Men *Applause*,
' In naming what the *French* bestow'd on *Lawes*.
' What did he do, that *Project-monging Fool*,
' Tinker of *Policy*, *State-mending Tool*,
' But make Ten thousand *Cracks*, to stop one
Hole?

' Poor

' Poor were the *French*, 'tis true, yet *liv'd* tho' *poor*,
 ' Till *Lairies*, pretending to increase their Store,
 ' Did *Gamester-like* intice them to a LOAN
 ' Of all they had—then left 'em all undone.
 ' *Scarceness* of Coin *Pale Famine* did succeed ;
 ' That, **BLUEST PLAGUES**, which struck
 whole Millions dead.
 ' What could they hope from one, who kill'd
 that Man
 ' On whom his *Highland Cruelty* began,
 ' Whom, tho' no Brother, as his Friend he slew,
 ' For doing more, than dearest Brothers do ;
 ' That *Cain* the *Old* might yield to *Him* the *New*?
 ' His Skill enlarging, he piled Heaps of Slain,
 ' Kill'd more each Day, than **LEWIS** each
 Campaign.

' By *this* Example *ours* may play *their* part,
' What *Mississippi* was, is *South-Sea* Art;
' Where Rioting in Wealth, the Murd'ring Few
' The *Vital Gold* from their Starv'd Country drew.
' Famine almost within our Country reigns,
' Full is our *Change*, but desolate our Plains:
' The Pattern comes too near—I won't examine
' How near we tread the heels of France's Famine.
' Pray Heav'n no Plague, with a Colossian Pride,
' Our Dying Towns and Provinces besride!
' What can one dread but Want, when still one
meets
' With nought but Bankrupts filling our Gazettes,
' When Bankers trembling hear the jarring Door,
' And plead the Poet's Proverb to be Poor?

' Nay,

- ' Nay, if you press 'em close, these rig'rous Times,
 ' They'll all be *Poets*, and pay all in Rhymes.
 ' Try—Go but to a *Banker* now—and say,
 ' Sir, here's a Note that I must beg you'd pay,
 ' He'll make *denying Shrugs*, and cry—*South-Sea*.
 ' You'll think perhaps, if all I say be true,
 ' 'Tis wrong to talk on't in this merry Cue.
 ' When Grief grows a Disease, 'tis wise to jest,
 ' As Men use Antidotes against the Pest.
 ' Had I as serious as the Subject been,
 ' The sad Discourse had kill'd us with the Spleen.
 ' To see Men fall that were the Props of Trade!—
 ' For *Buildings* drop, whose *Bases* are decay'd!
 ' Unless some dext'rous Artist's skilful Hand,
 ' Shoring the Fabrick, forces it to stand,

‘ Till fresh Foundations rising close to View,
‘ Bid the old Structure be as good as new:
‘ May some kind Artift, such as this, be found;
‘ Or, here I’ll end——*Trade tumbles to the
Ground.*

STANHOPE, I own, could all the Pow'r
of Sense,
Could all the Reas'nings, Wit can use, convince
Thy Friend, that Men who have been deem'd
so just,
Would e'er prove false to such a glorious Trust;
I own, of this if I convinc'd could be,
That I should now have been convinc'd by
Thee.
But let me hope to see the Day appear,
When they shall ev'ry Accusation clear;
Shall

Shall bring the Guilty, who first spoil'd their
Stock,

Or to salute the Halter, or the Block :

When GEORGE returning, takes th'Imperial
Rein,

And bids it be a GOLDEN AGE again.

AS, when the King of Kings withdraws his
Smile,

And leaves the Wicked to themselves a while;

Famines and Plagues, in absence of his Grace,

Show'r on each Head, and mark each guilty

Face :

But when, at length converted, they implore,

And own their Weakness till he gives 'em Pow'r,

Gracious

Gracious at length he bends th' Almighty Ear,
 Does their new Vows, their Supplications hear ;
 Straight some good Angel's sent to purge the Air,
 The Fogs unthicken, and the Skies grow clear ;
 Sol's Flames, that drew 'em first, the Mists dispel,
 And ev'ry dying Penitent grows well.
 So GEORGE, Inferior King to Heaven's alone,
 Copies the Goodness of the Highest Throne.
 Tho' Factions long with Factions did engage,
 Oft violate his Presence with their Rage ;
 If he withdraws his Regal Beams a while,
 Both mourn the Shade, and grow one Weeping
 Isle ;
 Lament their Folly, and bewail his Stay,
 Beg his Forgiveness, for his Presence pray :

He

*He hears——and lo! he straight vouchsafes
to come,*

And bids His STANHOPE dissipate the Gloom :

*He does; He smooths the Kingdom's ruff'd
Form,*

And while *One* STANHOPE sings, *One* lays the
Storm.



To



*To Mr. CURLE with the
foregoing Poem.*

IF, 'midst the most Refin'd, you'll not refuse,
T' accept the Labours of a Rural Muse,
Thy Name to Distant Villages shall spread,
Still shall thy Name be with the Muses read;
And on thy Grave's-Stone let it graven be,
Thou wert a Friend to Poets, They to Thee.





TO
Mr. STANHOPE,

UPON

Reading his **EPISTLE** to his Royal
Highness the Prince of **WALES.**

A S DRYDEN justly term'd *Poetick Sound*

A Pacing Pegasus on Carpet-Ground ;

ROSCOMMON'S *Nervous Sense* of your Verses

yield,

A Courser bounding o'er the Furrow'd Field.

The Track pursue — that Tinkling Scots

may see

The Comprehensive *English-Energy.*



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A Courser bounding o'er the Furrow'd Field.

The Track pursue—that Tinkling Scots
may see

The Comprehensive *English-Energy*.

Scotch Moggy * may go down at *Aberdeen*,

Where *Bonnets*, *Bag-Pipers*, and *Plaids* are seen:

But such *Poor Geer* no *Harmony* can suit,

Much fitter for a *Jews-Trump* than a *Lute*;

Lowe-Bells, not *Lyres*, the *Highland-Cliffs* Adorn,

Maclean's loud *Halloo*, or *Macgregor's* *Horn*:

Sooner shall *China* yield to *Earthen-Ware*,

Sooner shall *ABELL* † teach a *Singing-Bear*,

Than *English Bards* let *Scots* Torment their Ear;

Who think their *Rastick Jargon* to Explain,

For *anes* is once; *Lang*, long; and *two* is twain:

Let them to *Edinborough* Foot it back,

And add their *Poetry* to fill their *Pack*.

* A Noted Song among *Pedlars*.

† A Famous Singer, obliged, for his Insolence, to
sing before the Bears of a Foreign Prince.

White

While you, the Fav'rite of the Tuneful Nine,
Make *English Deeds* in *English Numbers* shine:
Leave *Ramsay's* Clan to follow their own Ways,
And, while they mumble *Thistles*, wear the *Bays*:

Oxford, Novem-
ber 4. 1720.

John Cowper.



While you, the Favourite of the Tuneful Nine,
Make English Poets in English Numbers shine;
I leave the vulgar Clan to follow their own Ways,
And, while they mumble, wear the Bays.

John Cooper.

O. J. M. Novm-
1720.



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